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PARALYZED BY FEAR  
I JOHN 4:7-18; Ps. 23

My text is from the First Epistle of John, chapter 4, verse 18, "Perfect love casts out fear." I have chosen it because it speaks to the heart of a prevailing problem of our time, the problem of fear. Fear is the opposite of faith. Fear paralyzes; faith acts. Faith...and love.

As you know, I have lived most of my life in Korea, and if you were to ask me, "Where are people more afraid? In Korea, with perhaps nuclear bombs just across the border in the north. Or here in America?," I am not quite sure how I would answer. I do considerable traveling in this country, and often in the larger cities my host or hostess will warn me, "You'd better not go out on the streets at night. It's dangerous out there." You are afraid, right here in America. And as for Korea, that little country has always known fear. Misruled for centuries, conquered by the Japanese, cut in two by the communists, poor Korea! A thoughtful Korean once said to me, "You know, we Koreans are always more than a little afraid of tomorrow."

Fear is everywhere. The three greatest fears, perhaps, are fear of the UNKNOWN, fear of LOSING OUR FREEDOM, and fear of DEATH. But bound up with these are a multitude of lesser fears: POVERTY, SICKNESS, HUNGER, VIOLENCE. It is a world of fear we live in, but it is precisely to all these human anxieties that our text speaks. Into one short sentence it packs an almost unbelievable secret, the promise that fear, all our fears, can be faced and overcome. "Perfect love casts out fear." <sup>LOV</sup>

Unknown  
Freedom  
Poverty  
Sickness  
Hunger  
Violence

through violence for AS... there is the fear  
Economic - the money killer  
war.

Now the first reaction of this skeptical age to so quick and simple an answer may very well be negative. It's too easy. It's the way you Christians always talk, they say. "Jesus is the answer." And 'Love casts out fear". Simple answers like that, people will say, just don't work in the kind of an enormously complicated, nuclear threatened world in which we live

today. With some of such objections I am inclined to agree; with others, though, I wonder if the reason people think that the simple answers won't work might be because they haven't tried them. But in this case, and concerning this text, I think it is rather because the answer has so often been misunderstood.

We have to be very careful today how we use the word love. Too often when Americans talk about love, they either eroticize it, or sentimentalize it. Most of us, at least in my generation, sentimentalized it. We grew up on fairy tales. Like:-A young knight falls in love with a beautiful princess. But the king has decreed that only a man brave enough to slay the dreadful dragon will marry his daughter. So the knight picks up his spear, leaps on his horse, gallops out of the castle, slays the dragon, and gallops<sup>ing</sup> back into the castle, claims the hand of the princess, they are married and live happily ever after. "Perfect love casts out fear".

But that is not the kind of love of which the Bible is speaking.

I suppose mother love is about as perfect as love can get in this imperfect world. I saw a news clipping some time ago about an apartment fire in Sao Paulo, Brazil, the city of immense skyscrapers. A mother and her baby were trapped on the sixth floor of one of the apartment buildings. The flames came closer and closer. She smelled the smoke and felt the heat. And she panicked. She picked up the baby, rushed to the window, and threw herself out with the baby in her arms. But spectators said that even as she fell, she kept twisting her body around in the futile hope that if only she could somehow manage to hit the hard ground first and cushion with her body her precious baby. I am sorry to say that both of them died. But what wonderful love. She didn't care about herself, only the baby. There is something marvelously wonderful about that kind of love.

But even that is no perfect love. Not even our love for God. Human love is never perfect. John make very clear what he means by "perfect love" right here in his letter--verse 10:

"The love I speak of is not our love for God, but the love he showed to us in sending his Son as the <sup>cancellation</sup> enemy..for our sins.. God is love." He loves us, and that is the great good news that can take away all fear. "If God be for us, who can be against us."

The whole story of Christian missions can be told in just those terms: love conquers fear. Don't think of missions in the old image of proud, self-righteous westerners going out to tame savages. You know the caricature--the missionary, black suit, pith helmet, beating through the jungle with an umbrella in one hand to fend off the lions, and a Bible in the other to convert the cannibals. There have been just such situation<sup>s</sup>, and such missionaries. There still are. But in Korea, the truth is that in the eyes of many Koreans it was the western missionaries who were the savages. Those big-nosed, blue-eyed foreigners came from a country, they admitted was only 200 years old. You can't get civilized in only 200 years. The Koreans had been civilized for three or <sup>more</sup> four thousand years. Back when my ancestors in Scotland, and perhaps yours, were running off to battle in nothing but blue paint, the Koreans, dressed in silks and satins, were moving through their court ceremonies to the music of jade flutes. It was the westerner, the missionary, who was the savage. They would watch him take out of his pocket a dirty, white cloth, put it to his nose, and blow through his nose with a disgusting sound. And then he would stuff that dirty, filthy rag<sup>s</sup> right back in his pocket and carry it around with him all day. How barbarian can you get?

No, the story of Christian missions in Korea is not the story of the taming of savages. It is the story of the triumph of a gospel of love over a religion of fear. Just how much fear there was in that peninsula, only the pioneers really knew, those who walked where the love of God had never truly been known because Christ had never been preached. They had their higher religions, Buddhism and Confucianism, but permeating and displacing them was a darker, more primitive faith, Shamanism. Shamanism is, in essence, simply an over-riding fear of the

spirits and demons who govern all human fortunes, who bring floods and fire and financial ruin.

They say that in my father's day--he went to Korea more than a hundred years ago--Korean mothers in the countryside used to give their babies ugly names, like Little Squint-Eye, or Little Wart-on-the Nose. This was not because they thought their babies were ugly; they thought their babies were the most beautiful babies in the world. They were just trying to protect them from the evil spirits. What spirit would bother to harm little Squint-Eye who had trouble enough already, when there might be a more beautiful baby around to ~~cripple~~ cripple and destroy?

Into that environment of fear, ~~fear of the unknown~~, came the Christian missionary. His only weapon against the terror was a gospel as simple as our text. Sometimes in the marketplace, as a crowd gathered around my father, he would say, loud enough for others to hear, "I'm not afraid of your evil spirits." Immediately he had their attention. "I'm not afraid of them because I know the Great Spirit", he would continue. (God is a spirit, remember?) "You don't have to be afraid of them either, for the Great Spirit is a good Spirit. He loves you". (God is love). "And the proof of his love is that He sent His only Son to save you from your fears and your sins". ("Only son"--that means more in Korea than American can ever know). God is love; and He sent his only Son to save you.

If you think that is too simple a gospel, how do you explain the transformation it made in the lives of the Koreans who began to believe it. One of the first thing that happened in a village home when the family became Christian was this: they changed the name of the baby. Little Squint-Eye would wake up the next day to find that she had become Little White Cloud, or Little Jewel--a beautiful name for a beautiful baby. Perfect love casts out fear.

But that old traditional Korea I have been describing is gone. Korea has changed, radically changed since the days of the missionary pioneers, though there is still more spirit-

worship and fear of the unknown than some modern Koreans care to admit. But for the country as a whole, one of the first changes was a change for the worse, not for the better. The Japanese militarists swept in and conquered Korea, and a new fear swept though the land. A paralyzing fear. Korea had lost her independence. f-t

But not all Koreans were afraid of the conquerors. Some, particularly in the Christian church, had discovered the secret that cast out fear: God loves us, and "if God be for us, who can be against us?" In 1919 Korea began to look for leaders brave enough to sign a Korean Declaration of Independence (independence from Japan). Only 3% of the Korean people were then Christian, but of the men who were willing to sign their names to that Declaration at risk of their own personal freedom, 50% (half of them) were Christian. ✓

They were thrown into prison. The foremost of the Christians among them was Pastor Kil, an evangelist, not a flaming freedom fighter but a half-blind revivalist famous for the Great Korean Revival of 1907. As he was thrown stumbling into his cell clutching his Bible, the jailers laughed at the spectacle of the poor old man falling on his knees and praying. "Thank you, Lord", he would pray. "Thank you for putting me here. You knew I was going blind so you sent me here while I still have my sight. I can memorize the Word of God against the day when I can no longer read it." And the jailers slammed the door and laughed. This crazy man was no threat to the conquerors, they thought. ✓  
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Then one day as Pastor Kil was memorizing his Bible, another mood entered his heart, and another fear, a fear that he was losing his calling, his vocation, cut off as he was from his life-work, evangelism. (We are not promised that there will be no fears. The promise is that there is a way to overcome our fears).

Anyway,, Pastor Kil, anxious and disturbed all over again, began to complain. "Lord, did you forget that I am an

evangelist? These precious words are not given us to squirrel away in our own hearts. They are for the whole world, and you've locked me up in this prison." But the mood did not last, and the answer came, and again he fell to his knees. "Forgive me, Lord," he prayed. "I forgot that you have given me the voice of a bull." It was true. Pastor Kil could stand up in the market place in one village and begin to preach and they could hear him clear over in the next village. He had that kind of a voice. "Lord", he said, "I'll just memorize the Bible out loud, then the other prisoners can hear the gospel." So he began to bellow out Bible verses as he memorized them, and promptly became the most unpopular man in the prison. The others banged on the walls with their tin cups and begged for peace and quiet. (I don't recommend that kind of evangelism for ~~Y.S.M.~~. Shouting out Bible verses doesn't make for good public relations. It works only with a captive audience.) But at the end of two years that whole cell block of political prisoners was released. These were the men who were to become the leaders of the new Korea when the Japanese left and Korea again was free. They gathered around Pastor Kil. "We hated you at first," they said, "But then we could not help but listen. Those were beautiful words you were shouting, and we didn't have anything else to do. But we don't quite understand them. Won't you explain them to us." So Pastor Kil started a Bible class for some of them. It is no accident that the first two presidents of free Korea were Christians. Not from that cell block, I should make clear, but when Korea was once more free to choose its own leaders, it began to choose Christians, for they were impressed with people who, though conquered, were not afraid of the conquerors. "Perfect love casts out fear."

Again, we must not make this sound too easy. Yes, God loves us, but some twist that great truth into a very dangerous half-truth. The half-truth is the "I'm OK; you're OK" syndrome. which says, "God loves us just as we are--(that is true)--and since he loves us as we are, we don't need to change any of our

ways--(that is the part that is not true). For without change, we will still have the old fears and anxieties. God loves us, yes, but His is a cleansing, changing, transforming love. John says in this same passage, "If God so loved us, we ought to love one another." That is the beginning of the change, and the beginning of the end of fear's control of our lives. 22 min

But perhaps the most dramatic example of what our faith in God's perfect love can do to drive out fear comes from a more recent period of great fear in Korea. It is the story of Pastor Son, one of the graduates of our seminary just before the Korea War paralyzed life in that small country, <sup>and Communist terrorism has brought even greater fear.</sup>

After he graduated, Pastor Son went to minister to a leper colony in southwest Korea. People were afraid of lepers, and despised them, but not Pastor Son. He was greatly loved there because he was not afraid of the. He loved them. Then he felt a call to a <sup>on the edge of a city, further west</sup> little village in the mountains, a frightened village because it was a time when communist North Korea, <sup>was</sup> preparing to invade the south was sending bands of guerilla fighters filtering into the south along the mountain ridges. One day a one of those guerilla groups attacked and occupied the very village where Pastor Son had started a small church. The leader was a 19 year old boy. One of the first things they did was to take over the school where Pastor Son's two sons were students. The oldest boy was president of the Student Christian Association they had started. The 19 year old guerilla leader lined up all the students. He said, "How many of you are Christians?" A number raised their hands. "Who's your leader", he asked. Pastor Son's oldest son stepped forward. "Well, the communist said, "we're going to show you who is in charge here. I'm going to shoot this thing you call a leader." At that the younger boy threw himself forward. "Don't shoot him. He's the oldest son. Shoot me." And the young communist shot them both.

A day or two later, South Korean militia recaptured the village, and took its 19 year old leader prisoner, The chief of police called Pastor Son down to the police station. He said to

Pastor Son, "You'll be glad to know that we caught the man who murdered your sons. We are going to shoot him". Pastor Son looked at the man, just a boy, really. His wrists were bound tightly with wire, and bleeding. He said suddenly, "Don't shoot him. Release him to me. I'll keep him." The chief of police looked at him as if he were mad. And I think I might have had the same reaction. How could he take the murderer of his only two sons into his own home? But that is exactly what he did. "I am going to raise him as a <sup>my</sup> son," he said, "to take the place of my sons who never lived to do what I dreamed for them".

5 min

It was madness--a very personal, emotional response--and I don't pretend to suggest it as a general, national policy toward communists, or terrorists. But it is a Christian response, and it worked. What makes you think that communists can't be converted? The love that communist terrorist found in that Christian family he had so grievously wronged, changed the whole life of the 19-year-old guerilla leader. And Pastor Son became, unwillingly, a national hero. They wrote a biography about him, with the dramatic title, "The Atom Bomb of Love".

> *But maybe I've not said this before working through the Son.*  
 "Perfect love casts out fear". This story illustrates as well as anything I know the basic foundation of how to cure fear. The Christian answer to fear is God's love. That is the only perfect love, the love that casts out fear. But Paul adds to the verse in his letter to the Hebrews these words, "If God so loved us, dear friends, we in turn ought to love one another." And that's how love gets spread around. And some day, we don't know when, suddenly there will be no more room for fear.

*Pastor Son was one of our best & a number of his*

In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Spirit. Amen.

-- Samuel Hugh Moffett

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 God loves ... that ... future ... bright as the present ...*



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But perhaps I have been talking too much about Korean Christians in their troubled little country on the other side of the world. What about you American Christians. Why are you still afraid? You sent your missionaries overseas to tell others about the perfect love that casts out fear. Don't you believe it yourselves any more?

Some of you are afraid of business failure in a possible depression. Some of you are afraid of losing a job, and work is harder and harder to find. Or afraid of a marriage breaking up, a family coming unravelled. Some of you are afraid of cancer, or of the loneliness of old age creeping up on you, or of the doubts that come unbidden at any age. Some are afraid that their children are already on drugs. What is the matter with us? Have we forgotten that God loves us? It is time to stop worrying about ourselves. "If God so loved us, we also ought to love one another", and right there is where the gospel carries us beyond fear into mission.

*Fear paralyzes; love acts. In a world of fear we pass along the promise. That's what we mean when we say that the church has a world-wide mission. God's perfect love casts out fear - and perfect love casts out fear. here we suffer*

Fear of hunger? Americans eat better than any people in the world. We feed our dogs better than half the world can feed itself. But if we reach out and feed others, perhaps in a ten-mile crop-walk, then we walk more than ten miles, we throw our arms around the whole world and show forth the love of God which casts our fear.

Fear of sickness? That is a universal fear. But we Americans have access to more medicines and more doctors and nurses and hospitals than any other country in the world. In Zaire, for example, when it became independent in 1960, and for awhile missionary doctors were forced to leave, there was not a single fully trained doctor left in the whole country, the largest country geographically on the whole African continent. Our missionary doctors are a symbol for all to see of the love of God that casts out fear.

Fear of poverty? We have our slums and our homeless. But the United States still has the highest per capita Gross National Product in the world. So I am proud when Presbyterians reach out in mission beyond our own poverty problems, out to the deepest disaster of this century: a deadly shadow of poverty which slashes across the face of the earth from the basket-case of Bangladesh in south Asia to Chad in central Africa, and on across the Atlantic to the worst poverty in our own hemisphere, Haiti. Any kind of help in the name of Christ to these poorest of the poor is one way of saying, "God loves you", and "Perfect love casts out fear".

But is that all? We must never stop there? The deepest fear of all is the fear of death. Our world Christian mission is more than food, and medicine and money. It begins and ends with Jesus Christ. It proclaims to any and all who will believe that "God so loved the world, that he sent his only-begotten Son", who fed the multitudes, and healed the sick, and preached good news to the poor--and was not afraid even to die, to die to give us life, eternal life.

"In this is love, not that we loved God but that he loved us and sent his Son... if God so loved us, we also ought to love one another.. " That is what sends us out across the world in-mission.

*In a world of many fears, we pass along the promise. That's what we mean when we say the church has a world Christian mission: A CHURCH NOT PARALYZED BY FEAR, but a A CHURCH THAT PASSES ALONG THE PROMISE. God is LOVE, and PERFECT LOVE CASTS OUT FEAR.*

An unscientific postscript - look up back  
and looking ahead:

Another hundred years have passed;  
Has faith so simple strength to last?  
It's lasted for two thousand years  
And faith and love outlast all fears.

- Sam Moffett -  
Jan. 2002

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of Wichita



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Anyway,, Pastor Kil, anxious and disturbed all over again, began to complain. "Lord, did you forget that, I am an



evangelist? These precious words are not given us to squirrel away in our own hearts. They are for the whole world, and you've locked me up in this prison." But the mood did not last, and the answer came, and again he fell to his knees. "Forgive me, Lord," he prayed. "I forgot that you have given me the voice of a bull." It was true. Pastor Kil could stand up in the market place in one village and begin to preach and they could hear him clear over in the next village. He had that kind of a voice. "Lord", he said, "I'll just memorize the Bible out loud, then the other prisoners can hear the gospel." So he began to bellow out Bible verses as he memorized them, and promptly became the most unpopular man in the prison. The others banged on the walls with their tin cups and begged for peace and quiet. (I don't recommend that kind of evangelism for ----- . Shouting out Bible verses doesn't make for good public relations. It works only with a captive audience.) But at the end of two years that whole cell block of political prisoners was released. These were the men who were to become the leaders of the new Korea when the Japanese left and Korea again was free. They gathered around Pastor Kil. "We hated you at first," they said, "But then we could not help but listen. Those were beautiful words you were shouting, and we didn't have anything else to do. But we don't quite understand them. Won't you explain them to us." So Pastor Kil started a Bible class for some of them. It is no accident that the first two presidents of free Korea were Christians. Not from that cell block, I should make clear, but when Korea was once more free to choose its own leaders, it began to choose Christians, for they were impressed with people who, though conquered, were not afraid of the conquerors. "Perfect love casts out fear."

Again, we must not make this sound too easy. Yes, God loves us, but some twist that great truth into a very dangerous half-truth. The half-truth is the "I'm OK; you're OK" syndrome, which says, "God loves us just as we are--(that is true)--and since he loves us as we are, we don't need to change any of our

To continue

(admission of sin, and sincere repentance - with

ways--(that is the part that is not true). For without change, we will still have the old fears and anxieties. God loves us, yes, but His is a cleansing, changing, trnasforming love. John says in this same passage, "If God so loved us, we ought to love one another." That is the beginning of the change, and the beginning of the end of fear's control of our lives.

But perhaps the most dramatic example of what our faith in God's perfect love can do to drive out fear comes from a more recent period of great fear in Korea. It is the story of Pastor Son, one of the graduates of our seminary just before the Korea War paralyzed life in that small country.

After he graduated, Pastor Son went to minister to a leper colony in southwest. People were afraid of lepers, and despised them, but not Pastor Son. He was greatly loved there because he was not afraid of the. He loved them. Then he felt a call to a <sup>AREA</sup> little village in the mountains, a frightened village <sup>Town</sup> because it was a time when communist North Korea, preparing to invade the south was sending bands of guerilla fighters filtering into the south along the mountain ridges. One day ~~one~~ of those guerilla groups attacked and occupied the very <sup>Town</sup> village where Pastor Son had <sup>was built</sup> started a small church. The leader <sup>of the guerillas</sup> was a 19 year old boy. One of the first things they did was to take over the school where Pastor Son's two sons were students. The oldest boy was president of the Student Christian Association they had started. The 19 year old guerilla leader lined up all the students. He said, "How many of you are Christians?" A number raised their hands. "Who's your leader", he asked. Pastor Son's oldest son sepped forward." "Well, the communist said, " we're going to show you who is in charge here. I'm goind to shoot this thing you call a leader." At that the younger boy threw himself forward. "Don't shoot him. He's the oldest son. Shoot me." And the young communist shot them both.

A day or two later, South Korean militia recaptured the village, and took its 19 year old leader prisoner, The chief of police called Pastor Son down to the police station. He said to

The chief of police looked at him as if he were mad. I think I might have had the same reaction. How could he take the murderer of his sons into his own home. How could he help but be afraid. But that's exactly what he did. "I'm going to raise him as a son," he said, "to take the place of my two sons who never lived to do what I dreamed for them." It was madness, ~~I don't pretend to suggest it as~~ a very personal response, and I don't pretend to suggest it as a national policy toward the communist threat. But it's a Christian response and it worked. What makes you think communists can't be converted. The love he found in that Christian family had so grievously wronged, changed the whole life of the 19-year-old communist guerrilla, and Pastor Son became, unwittingly, a national hero. They wrote a biography about him, with the dramatic title, "The Atom Bomb of Love: Perfect Love casts out fear." It's a simple answer, but what power it packs into its simplicity.

This ~~illustration~~ story illustrates as well as anything I know the added ingredient in the answer. The basic cure to fear is God's love. That's the perfect love that casts out fear. But Paul adds, "If God thus loved us, dear friends, we in turn are bound to love one another." And that's how the Christian love gets spread around. It was Pastor Son's love for the young communist that brought him to understand the perfect love - God's love.

\* Because it's not quite as simple as it sounds. It's our popular American version of the gospel that makes it too simple. This is the way I sometimes hear it here: God loves me. So I must be all right as I am. So I'll just go on doing my own thing. But that's not what Jesus came to say. <sup>WHAT IS THIS, THANK YOU SAY</sup> It all depends on what your thing is. o.k. If it's wrong, it's wrong - ~~at~~ God's love doesn't excuse it; it expects you to change it. In fact, <sup>the power of that love</sup> God's love - this perfect love - gives you the power to change it. What a difference <sup>it</sup> makes in the lives of Korean Christians.

But perhaps I have been talking too much about Korean Christians  
in this beautiful little country on the other side of the world. What about you  
in this beautiful little country of Costa Rica, right here.

~~I suppose most of you are Christians~~  
Are you still afraid, some of you. Afraid perhaps of <sup>losing</sup> business. <sup>The boom might not be</sup>  
future in this speeding economic recession. Afraid of losing a job, perhaps, when  
and work is harder and harder to find. Afraid of a marriage  
breaking up - a family coming apart. <sup>And your children are in danger</sup> Afraid of cancer, or of loneliness, or of  
a bad age creeps up on you - or of the doubts that come unbidden at  
every age about the meaning and ultimate worth of our lives? Afraid to trust the  
Savior with your whole heart? Afraid to trust the Lord with your whole life - all of it?

What is the matter with us. ~~Most of you are Christians~~. We  
believe in God. Have <sup>we</sup> forgotten that God loves you? That if we  
~~you have come to know Jesus as your personal Savior~~. ~~But you~~ We  
believe that he can save <sup>us</sup>. He has saved you us. And in saving us He  
changes us. ~~But make~~

~~It's time we Christians take God at his word.~~ <sup>So</sup> It's time  
we ~~stopped~~ <sup>stopped</sup> worrying so much about ourselves, <sup>stopped</sup> <sup>feared</sup> <sup>feeling</sup>  
our pulses. <sup>It's time to</sup> <sup>started</sup> <sup>trusting</sup> in the wonderful love of <sup>God</sup>  
again, and <sup>to</sup> <sup>trust</sup> him at his word. <sup>In</sup> <sup>his</sup> <sup>love</sup> is all the power  
we need

So it's time to stop worrying so much about ourselves,  
to surrender ourselves and our fears into the depths of His wonderful  
love, the love of God in Christ that frees us from fear, [the love that  
and changes us from love of self to  
frees us to love and serve others, the love that impels us to  
tell others about Jesus - and the perfect love that casts out fear.] And  
that is what the church's word Christian mission is all about.

God's love promises that His perfect love casts out fear.  
If God is for us, who can be against us?

God is our refuge, strength, a very present help in trouble.  
Therefore will we not fear, though the earth be removed  
And though the mountains be cast into the midst of the sea.  
The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.

Paralyzed by fear  
I John 4:7-18

My text this <sup>evening</sup> morning is from the First Epistle of John, chapter four, verse 18: "Perfect love casts out fear." I have chosen it because it speaks to the heart of a prevailing problem of our time, the problem of fear. <sup>Fear is the opposite of faith. Fear paralyzes. Faith acts.</sup> As you know, I have lived most of my life in Korea, and if you were to ask me, "Where are people more afraid, in Korea where you come from, or here in America where you are now?", I am not sure how I would answer. I do a good deal of traveling in this country, and often in the larger cities my host or hostess will warn me, "You'd better not go out on the streets at night. It's dangerous". You are afraid in America. And as for Korea, that little country has always known fear. Misruled for centuries, conquered by the Japanese, cut in two by the communists, poor Korea! A thoughtful Korean once said to me, "You know, we Koreans are always more than a little afraid of tomorrow."

And fear in the  
many aspects of  
"faith in action"  
Fear paralyzes.  
Faith acts.

As a world problem - and our text gives a simple answer - "Perfect love" - Does it too simple? No.

- Fear: ~~of UNKNOWN~~
- LOSS of FREEDOM
- DEATH
- POVERTY
- SICKNESS
- HUNGER
- WIOLENCE

Fear is everywhere. The three greatest fears, perhaps, are fear of the unknown, fear of losing our freedom, and fear of death. But bound up with these are the more immediate fears: poverty, sickness, hunger, and violence. It is a world of fear we live in, but it is precisely to these universal human anxieties that our text speaks. Into one short sentence it packs an almost unbelievable <sup>fact</sup> ~~secret~~, the <sup>promise</sup> ~~secret~~ that fear, all our fears, can be faced and overcome. "Perfect love casts out fear".

If simple so  
It's because  
the answer  
is so plain  
misunderstood.

Now the first reaction of this skeptical age to so quick and simple an answer may very well be negative. It's too easy. It's the way Christians always talk: "Jesus is the answer", and "Love casts out fear". Simple answers like that, people will say, just don't work in the kind of <sup>an</sup> enormously complicated, nuclearly threatened world in which we live today. With some of such objections I am inclined to agree; with others, though, I wonder if the reason people think that the simple answers won't work might be because they haven't tried them. But in this case, and concerning this text, I think it is rather because the answer has so often been misunderstood.

What is the love of which this verse speaks--"Perfect love casts out fear"? Too often, when Americans talk about love, they either eroticize it or sentimentalize it. <sup>like the most</sup> Most of us, at least in my generation, sentimentalize it. We think of a young knight in love with a princess. and the king has decreed that only a man brave enough to slay the dreadful dragon will marry his daughter. So the knight picks up his spear, leaps on his horse, rides out, vanquishes the dragon, gallops back to the castle, marries the princess, and they live happily ever after. "Perfect love casts out fear". But that is not the kind of love of which the Bible is speaking.

I suppose mother love is about as perfect as love can get in this imperfect world. I saw a news clipping some time ago about an apartment fire in Sao Paulo, Brazil. A mother and her baby were trapped on the sixth floor. As the flames licked closer and closer she panicked, picked up the baby, rushed to the window and threw herself out

with the baby in her arms. But even as she fell, she kept twisting her body around in the futile hope that if only she could somehow manage to hit the hard ground first and cushion the blow she might save her baby. There is something marvelously wonderful about that kind of love, <sup>but she & both died, but</sup> ~~that~~ <sup>^</sup> even that is not the perfect love of which this verse speaks.

The perfect love that casts out fear is not even our love for God. Human love is never perfect. John makes very clear exactly what he means by "perfect love" right here in his letter. Verse 10. "The love I speak of is not our love for God, but the love he showed to us in sending his Son as the remedy..for our sins.. God is love." <sup>He</sup> loves us, and that is the great good news that can take away all fear. "If God be for us, who can be against us."

If it still sounds like too easy an answer, let me illustrate it this morning with some examples from Korea that have demonstrated to me in ways I cannot deny that perfect love does cast out fear. I have seen too many Korean Christians who remained serene and unafraid when others around them were paralyzed by fear, <sup>to fight the power & that perfect love</sup> ~~because~~ <sup>^</sup> because of their absolute confidence in the love of God, the perfect love that casts out fear.

The whole story of Christian missions in Korea can be told in just those terms: love conquers fear. Don't think of missions in the old image of proud, self-righteous westerners going out to tame savages. You know the caricature, the missionary: black suit, pith helmet, beating through the jungle with an umbrella in one hand to fend off the lions and a Bible in the other to convert the cannibals. There have been such situations, and such missionaries. There still are. But in Korea, the truth is that in the eyes of many Koreans it was the western missionaries who were the savages. Those big-nosed foreigners came from a country only 200 years old. You can't get civilized in only 200 years. The Koreans had been civilized for four-thousand years. Back when my ancestors, and perhaps yours, were running off to battle in northern Europe and the British isles clothed in nothing but blue paint, the Koreans, dressed in silks and satins, were moving through their stately court rituals to the music of jade flutes. It was the westerner, the missionary, who was the savage. They would watch him take out of his pocket a dirty, white cloth, blow his nose in it with a disgusting sound, and than stuff that filthy rag right back in his pocket and carry it around with him all day. How barbarian can you get?

No, the story of Christian mission in Korea is not the story of the taming of savages. It is the story of the triumph of a gospel of love over a religion of fear. Just how much fear there was in that peninsula, only the pioneers really knew, those who walked where the love of God had never truly been known because Christ had never been preached. They had their higher religions, Buddhism and Confucianism, but permeating and displacing them was a darker, more primitive faith, Shamanism, which is in essence simply an over-riding fear of the spirits and demons who govern all human fortunes, who bring floods and fire and financial ruin. Their gut religion in old Korea was fear of the unknown.

They say that in my father's day--~~he~~ went out to Korea ~~almost~~ <sup>more than</sup> a hundred years ago--Korean mothers in the countryside used to give their babies ugly names, like Little Squint-Eye or Little Wart-on-the-Nose. This was not because they thought their babies were ugly but because they loved them and wanted to protect them from the evil spirits. What spirit would bother to harm Little Squint-Eye who had troubles enough already, when there might be more beautiful babies around to cripple and destroy.

Into that environment of fear, fear of the unknown, came the Christian missionary. His only weapon against the terror was a gospel as simple as our text. Sometimes in the marketplace, as a crowd gathered around my father, he would catch their attention immediately by saying, "I see you are afraid of evil spirits. Why? I'm not afraid of them. I'm not afraid of them because I know the Great Spirit." God is a Spirit, remember? "You don't have to be afraid of them either," he would go on. "You don't have to be afraid of the evil spirits for the Great Spirit is a good spirit. He loves you." God is love. "And the proof of his love," he would say, "is that He sent his only Son (that means a great deal in Korea, an only son!)..He sent his only Son to help you and to save you." [And sometimes, to make the point more astoundingly clear, he would add, "He didn't send him to my country. His Son didn't come to America. He came to you, to Asia"].

If you think that is too simple a gospel, how do you explain the transformation it made in the lives of the Koreans who began to believe it. One of the first things that happened in a village home when the family became Christian was this: they changed the name of the baby. Little Squint-Eye would wake up the next day to find that she had become Little White Cloud or Little Jewel. A beautiful name for a beautiful baby. "Perfect love casts out fear".

But that old traditional Korea I have been describing is gone. Korea has changed, radically changed, since the days of the pioneers, though there is still more spirit worship and fear of the unknown than some modern Koreans like to admit. But for the country as a whole, one of the first changes was a change for the worse, not for the better. The Japanese conquerors, fresh from victories over huge China and mighty Russia, came to Korea in the last years of the 19th century and the first decade of the 20th. Then a new fear swept through the land. Not fear of the spirits, but fear of the harsh Japanese military. A proud 500 year old royal Korean dynasty was tottering to its end and Korea last of the small free countries of east Asia was losing her independence. The country was paralyzed.

But not all Koreans were were afraid of the <sup>Japanese</sup> Japanese. Some, particularly in the Christian church, had discovered the secret that casts out fear: God loves us, and "if God be for us, who can be against us?" In 1919 Korea began to look for leaders brave enough to sign a Korean Declaration of Independence (independence from Japan). Only 3% of the Korean people were then Christian, but of the men who were willing to sign their names to that Declaration at risk of their own personal freedom, 50% were Christian.

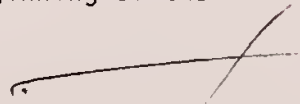
They were thrown into prison. The foremost of the Christians among them was Pastor Kil, an evangelist, not a flaming freedom fighter but a half-blind revivalist famous for the Great Korean Revival of 1907. As he stumbled into his cell he thanked God for sending him to prison and his jailers laughed at the spectacle of the poor old man falling on his knees and praying, "Thank you Lord", he would say. " You knew that I was going blind so you put me here where while I still have my sight I can memorize the Word of God against the day when I can no longer read it". And the jailers slammed the door and laughed This crazy man was no threat to the conquerors, they thought.

Not promised no fears

Then one day as Pastor Kiel was memorizing his Bible another mood entered his heart, and another fear, a fear that he was losing his calling, cut off as he was from his life-work, evangelism. We must not make the answer to fear too simple. We are not promised that there will be no fears. The promise is that there is a way to overcome our fears. Anyway, Pastor Kiel, anxious all over again, began to complain. "Lord, did you forget that I am an evangelist? These precious words are not for us to squirrel up in our own hearts. They are for the whole world, and you've locked me away in this prison." But the mood did not last, and the answer came, and again he fell to his knees. "Forgive me, Lord," he prayed. "I forgot that you have given me the voice of a bull." It was true. Pastor Kil could stand up in the marketplace in one village and begin to preach and they could hear him clear over in the next town. He had that kind of a voice. "Lord, he said, I'll just memorize the Bible out loud, then the other prisoners can hear the gospel." So he began to bellow out Bible verses as he memorized and promptly became the most unpopular man in the prison. The others banged on the walls with their tin cups and begged for peace and quiet. I don't recommend that kind of evangelism for Princeton. Shouting out Bible verses doesn't make for good public relations, and works only with a captive audience. But at the end of two years that whole cell block of political prisoners was released. These were men who were to become the leaders of the new Korea when the Japanese left and Korea again was free. They gathered around Pastor Kil. "We hated you at first, they said. "But then we couldn't help listening. Those were beautiful words you were shouting. But we don't quite understand them. Won't you explain them to us." And Pastor Kil started a Bible class for them. It is no accident that the first two presidents of free Korea were Christians. Not from that cell block, I should make clear, but when Korea was again free to choose its own leaders it began to choose Christians, for they were impressed with people who, though conquered, were not afraid of the conquerors. "Perfect love casts out fear".

Too easy?

Again, we must not make this all sound too easy. Yes, God loves us, but ~~this is the way some preach this verse~~ "I'm ok; you're ok." God loves us just as we are and since he loves us, we don't need to change. <sup>oh yes we do</sup> But without change, we still have the same old fears and anxieties. God loves us, yes, but His is a cleansing, changing love. "If God so loved us," says John in this same passage, "We ought to love one another". That's the beginning of change, and the beginning of the end of fear's control of our lives.





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PARALYZED BY FEAR  
I JOHN 4:7-18; Ps. 23

My text is from the First Epistle of John, chapter 4, verse 18, "Perfect love casts out fear." I have chosen it because it speaks to the heart of a prevailing problem of our time, the problem of fear. Fear is the opposite of faith. Fear paralyzes; faith acts. Faith...and love.

As you know, I have lived most of my life in Korea, and if you were to ask me, "Where are people more afraid? In Korea, with nuclear bombs perhaps just across the border in the north. Or here in America?," I am not quite sure how I would answer. I do considerable traveling in this country, and often in the larger cities my host or hostess will warn me, "You'd better not go out on the streets at night. It's dangerous out there." You are afraid, right here in America. And as for Korea, that little ;country has always known fear. Misruled for centuries, conquered by the Japanese, cut in two by the communists, poor Korea! A thoughtful Korean once said to me, "You know, we Koreans are always more than a little afraid of tomorrow."

Fear is everywhere. The three greatest fears, perhaps, are fear of the UNKNOWN, fear of LOSING OUR FREEDOM, and fear of DEATH. But bound up with these are a multitude of lesser fears: POVERTY, SICKNESS, HUNGER, VIOLENCE. It is a world of fear we live in, but it is precisely to all these human anxieties that our text speaks. Into one short sentence it packs an almost unbelievable secret, the promise that fear, all our fears, can be faced and overcome. "Perfect love casts out fear."

Now the first reaction of this skeptical age to so quick and simple an answer may very well be negative. It's too easy. It's the way you Christians always talk, they say. "Jesus is the answer." And 'Love casts out fear". Simple answers like that, people will say, just don't work in the kind of an enormously complicated, nuclear threatened world in which we live today. With some of such objections I am inclined to agree; with others, though, I wonder if the reason people think that the simple answers won't work might be because they haven't tried them. But in this case, and concerning this text, I think it is rather because the answer has so often been misunderstood.

We have to be very careful today how we use the word love. Too often when Americans talk about love, they either eroticize it, or sentimentalize it. Most of us, at least in my generation, sentimentalized it. We grew up on fairy tales. Like: A young knight falls in love with a beautiful princess. But the king has decreed that only a man brave enough to slay the dreadful dragon will marry his daughter. So the knight picks up his spear, leaps on his horse, gallops out of the castle, slays the dragon, and gallops back into the castle, claims the hand of the princess, they are married and live happily ever after.

"Perfect love casts out fear".

But that is not the kind of love of which the Bible is speaking.

I suppose mother love is about as perfect as love can get in this imperfect world. I saw a news clipping some time ago about an apartment fire in Sao Paulo, Brazil, the city of immense skyscrapers. A mother and her baby were trapped on the sixth floor of one of the apartment buildings. The flames came closer and closer. She smelled the smoke and felt the heat. And she panicked. She picked up the baby, rushed to the window, and threw herself out with the baby in her arms. But spectators said that even as she fell, she kept twisting her body around in the futile hope that if only she could somehow manage to hit the hard ground first and cushion with her body her precious baby. I am sorry to say that both of them died. But what wonderful love. She didn't care about herself, only the baby. There is something marvelously wonderful about that kind of love.

But even that is no perfect love. Not even our love for God. Human love is never perfect. John make very clear what he means by "perfect love" right here in his letter--verse 10: "The love I speak of is not our love for God, but the love he showed to us in sending his Son as the enemy..for our sins.. God is love." He loves us, and that is the great good news that can take away all fear. "If God be for us, who can be against us."

The whole story of Christian missions can be told in just those terms: love conquers fear. Don't think of missions in the old image of proud, self-righteous westerners going out to tame savages. You know the caricature--the missionary, black suit, pith helmet, beating through the jungle with an umbrella in one hand to fend off the lions and a Bible in the other to convert the cannibals. There have been just such situation, and such missionaries. There still are. But in Korea, the truth is that in the eyes of many Koreans it was the western missionaries who were the savages. Those big-nosed, blue-eyed foreigners came from a country, they admitted was only 200 years old. You can't get civilized in only 200 years. The Koreans had been civilized for three or four thousand years. Back when my ancestors in Scotland, and perhaps yours, were running off to battle in nothing but blue paint, the Koreans, dressed in silks and satins, were moving though their court ceremonies to the music of jade flutes. It was the westerner, the missionary, who was the savage. They would watch him take out of his pocket a dirty, white cloth, put it to his nose, and blow through his nose with a disgusting sound. And then he would stuff that dirty, filthy rage right back in his pocket and carry it around with him all day. How barbarian can you get?

No, the story of Christian missions in Korea is not the story of the taming of savages. It is the story of the triumph of a gospel of love over a religion of fear. Just how much fear there was in that peninsula, only the pioneers really knew, those who walked where the love of God had never truly been known because Christ had never been preached. They had their higher

religions, Buddhism and Confucianism, but permeating and displacing them was a darker, more primitive faith, Shamanism. Shamanism is, in essence, simply an over-riding fear of the spirits and demons who govern all human fortunes, who bring floods and fire and financial ruin.

They say that in my father's day--he went to Korea more than a hundred years ago--Korean mothers in the countryside used to give their babies ugly names, like Little Squint-Eye, or Little Wart-on-the Nose. This was not because they thought their babies were ugly; they thought their babies were the most beautiful babies in the world. They were just trying to protect them from the evil spirits. What spirit would bother to harm little Squint-Eye who had trouble enough already, when there might be a more beautiful baby around to cripple and destroy?

Into that environment of fear, fear of the unknown, came the Christian missionary. His only weapon against the terror was a gospel as simple as our text. Sometimes in the marketplace, as a crowd gathered around my father, he would say, loud enough for others to hear, "I'm not afraid of your evil spirits." Immediately he had their attention. "I'm not afraid of them because I know the Great Spirit", he would continue. (God is a spirit, remember?) "You don't have to be afraid of them either, for the Great Spirit is a good Spirit. He loves you". (God is love). "And the proof of his love is that He sent His only Son to save you from your fears and your sins". ("Only son"--that means more in Korea than American can ever know). God is love; and He sent his only Son to save you.

If you think that is too simple a gospel, how do you explain the transformation it made in the lives of the Korean who began to believe it. One of the first thing that happened in a village home when the family became Christian was this: they changed the name of the baby. Little Squint-Eye would wake up the next day to find that she had become Little White Cloud, or Little Jewel--a beautiful name for a beautiful baby. Perfect love casts out fear.

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But not all Koreans were afraid of the conquerors. Some, particularly in the Christian church, had discovered the secret that cast out fear: God loves us, and "if God be for us, who can be against us?" In 1919 Korea began to look for leaders brave enough to sign a Korean Declaration of Independence (independence from Japan). Only 3% of the Korean people were then Christian, but of the men who were willing to sign their names to that Declaration at risk of their own personal freedom,

50" (half of them) were Christian.

They were thrown into prison. The foremost of the Christians among them was Pastor Kil, an evangelist, not a flaming freedom fighter but a half-blind revivalist famous for the Great Korean Revival of 1907. As he was thrown stumbling into his cell clutching his Bible, the jailers laughed at the spectacle of the poor old man falling on his knees and praying. "Thank you, Lord", he would pray. "Thank you for putting me here. You knew I was going blind so you sent me here while I still have my sight. I can memorize the Word of God against the day when I can no longer read it." And the jailers slammed the door and laughed. This crazy man was no threat to the conquerors, they thought.

Then one day as Pastor Kil was memorizing his Bible, another mood entered his heart, and another fear, a fear that he was losing his calling, his vocation, cut off as he was from his life-work, evangelism. (We are not promised that there will be no fears. The promise is that there is a way to overcome our fears).

Anyway,, Pastor Kil, anxious and disturbed all over again, began to complain. "Lord, did you forget that I am an evangelist? These precious words are not given us to squirrel away in our own hearts. They are for the whole world, and you've locked me up in this prison." But the mood did not last, and the answer came, and again he fell to his knees. "Forgive me, Lord," he prayed. "I forgot that you have given me the voice of a bull." It was true. Pastor Kil could stand up in the market place in one village and begin to preach and they could hear him clear over in the next village. He had that kind of a voice. "Lord", he said, "I'll just memorize the Bible out loud, then the other prisoners can hear the gospel." So he began to bellow out Bible verses as he memorized them, and promptly became the most unpopular man in the prison. The others banged on the walls with their tin cups and begged for peace and quiet. (I don't recommend that kind of evangelism for ----- . Shouting out Bible verses doesn't make for good public relations. It works only with a captive audience.) But at the end of two years that whole cell block of political prisoners was released. These were the men who were to become the leaders of the new Korea when the Japanese left and Korea again was free. They gathered around Pastor Kil. "We hated you at first," they said, "But then we could not help but listen. Those were beautiful words you were shouting, and we didn't have anything else to do. But we don't quite understand them. Won't you explain them to us." So Pastor Kil started a Bible class for some of them. It is no accident that the first two presidents of free Korea were Christians. Not from that cell block, I should make clear, but when Korea was once more free to choose its own leaders, it began to choose Christians, for they were impressed with people who, though conquered, were not afraid of the conquerors. "Perfect love casts out fear."

Again, we must not make this sound too easy. Yes, God

loves us, but some twist that great truth into a very dangerous half-truth. The half-truth is the "I'm OK; you're OK" syndrome, which says, "God loves us just as we are--(that is true)--and since he loves us as we are, we don't need to change any of our ways--(that is the part that is not true). For without change, we will still have the old fears and anxieties. God loves us, yes, but His is a cleansing, changing, transforming love. John says in this same passage, "If God so loved us, we ought to love one another." That is the beginning of the change, and the beginning of the end of fear's control of our lives.

As an extreme example of the power of love over fear, let me tell you how one brave Korean pastor overcame his fear of communists after 1945 when Korea was divided against its will into the communist north and the free south.

His name was Pastor Sohn, a graduate of our Presbyterian Seminary in Seoul. He began his ministry as a labor of love to lepers in a sanatorium. Then went up into the mountains to an isolated village church. It was just before the communist invasion but already guerillas were infiltrating from the north along the mountain ridges, softening up the way for the coming invasion. Suddenly a guerilla communist unit appeared out of nowhere and seized the town in which Pastor Son had begun to preach. They occupied the high school and set up headquarters there. The leader of the guerillas was a 19-year-old boy. Pastor Son's two sons were in the school. His oldest son was president of the Student Christian association. The guerillas lined up all the students and their young leader faced them. "I want the leader of the Christians on this campus to step forward", he said. The pastor's son stepped forward. "Now," said the guerilla, "I am going to teach you a lesson you will never forget. I want you to know who is in control. I'm going to shoot this Christian. Christians are the enemies of Korea." At this Pastor Son's second son rushed forward. "Don't shoot him," he cried. "He's the eldest son. Shoot me". And the communist shot them both.

Three days later the local militia returned and the communists fled, but not all of them escaped. The chief of police came to Pastor Son. "We've captured the man who killed your son," he said. "Come down and see what we are going to do to him." He found the 19-year-old guerilla leader in a corner, his wrists bound with wire so tightly that they were bleeding. "You'll be glad to know we're going to shoot this murderer of your two sons," said the chief of police. Pastor Son suddenly said, almost without thinking, "Don't do it. Don't kill him. Release him into my custody, and I'll go guarantee for him."

The chief of police looked at him as if he were mad. I think I might have had the same reaction. How could he take the murderer of his sons into his own home? But that is exactly what he did. "I am going to raise this boy as a son," he said, "to take the place of my own sons who never lived to do what I dreamed for them." It was madness, and a very, very personal emotional response, and I do not pretend it as a universal social

response to communism.

But it is a Christian response, and amazingly, it worked. What makes you think that communists can't be converted? The love that boy found in a kChristian family changed his whole life, and Paltor Son, quite unwillingly, became a national hero. They wrote a book about him with the dramatic title, The Atom Bomb of Love. Perfect love does cast out fear. It so changes us that we begin to lose our selfishness, and learn how to care for others. "If God so loved us, we also ought to love one another", like Pastor Son.

But perhaps I have been talking too much about Korean Christians on the other side of the world. What about you American Christians? Why are you still afraid? You sent your missionaries overseas to tell others about the perfect love that casts out fear. Don't you believe it yourselves?

Your are afraid. Some of you are afraid of cancer. Some of you are afraid of losing your job, and work is hard to find these days. Some of you are afraid of a marriage breaking up. Some are afraid your children are already on drugs. Some are afraid of old age. Old age can be a very lonely time.

What is the matter with us? Have we forgotten that God loves us with His perfect love. And if God loves us we also ought to love one another. Right there is where the Gospel carries us beyond fear and calls us to action. Fear paralyzes. Love acts. It is time we Christian stopped feeling our pulses and feeling sorry for ourselves. If God so loved us, His perfect love casts out fear. And there is a whole world out there most of which still does not know the good news of Jesus Christ. And that is our world Christian mission.

## A SAMPLING OF PRAYERS

*You have given so much to me, / Give one thing more, a grateful heart.*

—GEORGE HERBERT

*Those things, good Lord, that we pray for, / Give us thy grace to labor for.*

—SIR THOMAS MORE

*I beg you, O Lord, that the fiery and sweet strength of your love may absorb  
my soul away from all things that are under heaven, that I may  
die for love of your love as you deigned to die for love of my love.*

—ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI

*Teach us, O Lord, to fear you without being afraid;  
to fear you in love that we may love you without fear.*

—CHRISTINA ROSSETTI

*Keep us, Lord, so awake in the duties of our callings  
that we may sleep in your peace and wake in your glory.*

—JOHN DONNE

*O Lord, you know how busy I must be this day; if I  
forget you, do not forget me: for Christ's sake.*

—GENERAL SIR JACOB ASTLEY

*O God, help us not to despise what we do not  
understand.*

—WILLIAM PENN

*Especially we pray You to make Christianity more  
Christian.*

—HARRY EMERSON FOSDICK

*From silly devotions / and from sour-faced saints, / good  
Lord, deliver us.*

—ST. TERESA OF AVILA

From *The Communion of Saints*, edited by  
Horton Davies (Wm. B. Eerdmans, 1990).



## Books for Spring '91

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PARALYZED BY FEAR  
I JOHN 4:7-18; Ps. 23

My text is from the First Epistle of John, chapter 4, verse 18, "Perfect love casts out fear." I have chosen it because it speaks to the heart of a prevailing problem of our time, the problem of fear. Fear is the opposite of faith. <sup>and love</sup> Fear paralyzes; <sup>behind as a LOVE act</sup> faith acts. ~~Faith...and love.~~ <sup>in faith what work is done" & let us begin with the fear.</sup>

As you know, I have lived most of my life in Korea, and if you were to ask me, "Where are people more afraid? In Korea, <sup>where you were born,</sup> ~~[with perhaps nuclear bombs just across the border in the north.]~~ Or here in America?" I am not quite sure how I would answer. I do considerable traveling in this country, and often in the larger cities my host or hostess will warn me, "You'd better not go out on the streets at night. It's dangerous out there." You are afraid, right here in America. And as for Korea, that little <sup>perhaps</sup> country has always known fear. Misruled for centuries, conquered by the Japanese, cut in two by the communists, poor Korea! A thoughtful Korean once said to me, "You know, we Koreans are always more than a little afraid of tomorrow."

Fear is everywhere. The three greatest fears, perhaps, are fear of the UNKNOWN, fear of LOSING OUR FREEDOM, and fear of DEATH. But bound up with these are a multitude of lesser fears: POVERTY, SICKNESS, HUNGER, VIOLENCE. It is a world of fear we live in, but <sup>here in the Bible is answered</sup> it is precisely to all these human anxieties that our text speaks. <sup>there is an</sup> ~~into one short sentence it packs an almost~~ unbelievable secret, <sup>there is a</sup> the promise that fear, all our fears, can be faced and overcome. <sup>and the verse is this</sup> "Perfect love casts out fear." <sup>that only sound to you too easy.</sup> Perfect love casts out fear.

Now the first reaction of this skeptical age to so <sup>quick</sup> quick and simple an answer may very well be negative. It's too easy. <sup>People will say -</sup> It's the way you Christians always talk, <sup>you</sup> they say. "Jesus is the answer." And 'Love casts out fear". Simple answers like that, people will say, just don't work in the kind of an enormously complicated, nuclear threatened world in which we live

Unknown  
Losing Freedom  
Death  
  
Poverty  
Sickness  
Hunger  
Violence

UNKNOWN  
LOSE FREEDOM  
DEATH

POVERTY  
SICKNESS  
HUNGER  
VIOLENCE



*not all*  
All agree w/ that. Some d it.

today. With some of such objections I am inclined to agree; with others, though, I wonder if the reason people think that the simple answers won't work might be because they haven't tried them. But in this case, and concerning this text, I think it is rather because <sup>the reason it seems to be so simple</sup> the answer has so often been misunderstood.

We have to be very careful today how we use the word love. Too often when Americans talk about love, they either eroticize it, or sentimentalize it. Most of us, at least in my generation, sentimentalized it. We grew up on fairy tales. Like: A young knight falls in love with a beautiful princess. But the king has decreed that only a man brave enough to slay the dreadful dragon will marry his daughter. So the knight picks up his spear, leaps on his horse, gallops out of the castle, slays the dragon, and gallops back into the castle, <sup>etc</sup> claims the hand of the princess, they are married and live happily ever after. "Perfect love casts out fear".

But that is not the kind of love of which the Bible is speaking.

I suppose mother love is about as perfect as love can get in this imperfect world. I saw a news clipping some time ago about an apartment fire in Sao Paulo, Brazil, the city of immense skyscrapers. A mother and her baby were trapped on the sixth floor of one of the apartment buildings. The flames came closer and closer. She smelled the smoke and felt the heat. And she panicked. She picked up the baby, rushed to the window, and threw herself out with the baby in her arms. But spectators said that, even as she fell, she kept twisting her body around in the futile hope that if only she could somehow manage to hit the hard ground first and cushion with her body her precious baby, <sup>The little one might be saved.</sup> I am sorry to say that both of them died. But what wonderful love. She didn't care about herself, only the baby. There is something marvelously wonderful about that kind of love.

But even that is not perfect love. <sup>is what that one is talking about.</sup> <sup>Not even our love for God</sup> Human love is never perfect. <sup>Not even our love</sup> John makes very clear what he means by "perfect love" right here in his letter--verse 10: <sup>Not the kind of love our text is talking about.</sup>

"The love I speak of is not our love for God, but the love he <sup>did</sup> showed to us in sending his Son as the <sup>expiation</sup> enemy.. for our sins.. God is love." He loves us, and that is the great good news that can take away all fear. "If God be for us, who can be against us."

The whole story of Christian missions can be told in just those terms: love conquers fear. Don't think of missions in the old image of proud, self-righteous westerners going out to tame savages. You know the caricature--the missionary, black suit, pith helmet, <sup>crusky deserts, climbing mountains,</sup> beating through the jungle with an umbrella in one hand to fend off the lions and a Bible in the other to convert the cannibals. There have been just such situation, and such missionaries. There still are. <sup>But none like the missionary in just entering another culture</sup> But in Korea, the truth is that in the eyes of many Koreans it was the western missionaries who were the savages. Those big-nosed, blue-eyed foreigners came from a country, <sup>where my father</sup> they admitted was only 200 years old. You can't get civilized in only 200 years. The Koreans had been civilized for three or four thousand years. Back when my ancestors in Scotland, and perhaps yours, were running off to battle in nothing but blue paint, the Koreans, dressed in silks and satins, were moving through their court ceremonies to the music of jade flutes. It was the westerner, the missionary, who was the savage. They would watch him take out of his pocket a dirty, white cloth, put it to his nose, and blow through his nose with a disgusting sound. And then he would stuff that dirty, filthy rag <sup>and that</sup> right back in his pocket and carry it around with him all day. How barbarian can you get? <sup>and that savages.</sup>

No, the story of Christian missions in Korea is not the story of the taming of savages. It is the story of the triumph of a gospel of love over a religion of fear. Just how much fear there was <sup>back here in Korea</sup> in that peninsula, only the pioneers really knew, those who walked where the love of God had never truly been known because Christ had never been preached. [They had their higher religions, Buddhism and Confucianism, but permeating and displacing them was a darker, more primitive faith, Shamanism. Shamanism is, in essence, simply an over-riding fear of the

spirits and demons who govern all human fortunes, who bring floods and fire and financial ruin.

They say that in my father's day--he went to Korea more than a hundred years ago--Korean mothers in the countryside used to give their babies ugly names, like Little Squint-Eye, or Little Wart-on-the Nose. This was not because they thought their babies were ugly; they thought their babies were the most beautiful babies in the world. They were just trying to protect them from the evil spirits. What spirit would bother to harm little Squint-Eye who had trouble enough already, when there might be a more beautiful baby around to ~~of~~ cripple and destroy?

Into that environment of fear, ~~fear of the unknown~~, came the Christian missionary. His only weapon against the terror was a gospel as simple as our text. Sometimes in the marketplace, as a crowd gathered around my father, he would say, (loud enough for others to hear), "I'm not afraid of your evil spirits." Immediately he had their attention. "I'm not afraid of them because I know the Great Spirit", he would continue. (God is a spirit, remember?) "You don't have to be afraid of evil spirits ~~them~~ either, for the Great Spirit is a good Spirit. He loves you". (God is love). "And the proof of his love is that He sent His only Son to save you from your fears and your sins". ("Only son"--that means more in Korea than Americans can ever know). God is love; and He sent his only Son to save you.

If you think that is too simple a gospel, how do you explain the transformation it made in the lives of the Korean<sup>s</sup> who began to believe it. One of the first things that happened in a village home when the family became Christian was this: they changed the name of the baby. Little Squint-Eye would wake up the next day to find that she had become Little White Cloud, or Little Jewel--a beautiful name for a beautiful baby. Perfect love casts out fear.

But that old traditional Korea I have been describing is gone. Korea has changed, radically changed since the days of the missionary pioneers, though there is still more spirit worship and fear of spirits than some modern Koreans care to admit. But for the country as a whole, one of the first changes was a change for the worst, not for the better. The Japanese military swept in and conquered the country. And a new fear swept through the land. But the promise is still true "Perfect love casts out fear!"

BUT WE MUST NOT MAKE THIS SOUND TOO EASY.

↳ → to p. 6

worship and fear of the unknown than some modern Koreans care to admit. But for the country as a whole, one of the first changes was a change for the worse, not for the better. <sup>In came the imperialists - the colonizers. A sad</sup> The Japanese militarists swept in and conquered Korea, and a new fear swept though the land. A paralyzing fear. Korea had lost her independence.

But not all Koreans were afraid of the conquerors. Some, particularly in the Christian church, had discovered the secret that casts out fear: God loves us, and "if God be for us, who can be against us?" In 1919 Korea began to look for leaders brave enough to sign a Korean Declaration of Independence (independence from Japan). <sup>Less than</sup> Only 3% of the Korean people were then Christian, but of the men who were willing to sign their names to that Declaration at risk of their own personal freedom, 50% (half of them) were Christian.

They were thrown into prison. The foremost of the Christians among them was Pastor Kil, an evangelist, not a flaming freedom fighter but a half-blind revivalist famous for the Great Korean Revival of 1907. As he was thrown stumbling into his cell clutching his Bible, the jailers laughed at the spectacle of the poor old man falling on his knees and praying. "Thank you, Lord", he would pray. "Thank you for putting me here. You knew I was going blind so you sent me here while I still have my sight. I can memorize the Word of God against the day when I can no longer read it." And the jailers slammed the door and laughed. This crazy man was no threat to the conquerors, they thought.

Then one day as Pastor Kil was memorizing his Bible, another mood entered his heart, and another fear, a fear that he was losing his calling, his vocation, cut off as he was from his life-work, evangelism. (We are not promised that there will be no fears. The promise is that there is a way to overcome our fears).

Anyway,, Pastor Kil, anxious and disturbed all over again, began to complain. "Lord, did you forget that I am an

evangelist? These precious words are not given us to squirrel away in our own hearts. They are for the whole world, and you've locked me up in this prison." But the mood did not last, and the answer came, and again he fell to his knees. "Forgive me, Lord," he prayed. "I forgot that you have given me the voice of a bull." It was true. Pastor Kil could stand up in the market place in one village and begin to preach and they could hear him clear over in the next village. He had that kind of a voice. "Lord", he said, "I'll just memorize the Bible out loud, then the other prisoners can hear the gospel." So he began to bellow out Bible verses as he memorized them, and promptly became the most unpopular man in the prison. The others banged on the walls with their tin cups and begged for peace and quiet. (I don't recommend that kind of evangelism for <sup>Fruit Park</sup> -----). Shouting out Bible verses doesn't make for good public relations. It works only with a captive audience.) But at the end of two years that whole cell block of political prisoners was released. These were the men who were to become the leaders of the new Korea when the Japanese left and Korea again was free. They gathered around Pastor Kil. "We hated you at first," they said, "But then we could not help but listen. Those were beautiful words you were shouting, and we didn't have anything else to do. But we don't quite understand them. Won't you explain them to us." So Pastor Kil started a Bible class for some of them. It is no accident that the first two presidents of free Korea were Christians. <sup>Be the world</sup> ~~Not from that cell block,~~ I should make clear, but when Korea was once more free to choose its own leaders, it began to choose Christians, for they were impressed with people who, though conquered, were not afraid of the conquerors. "Perfect love casts out fear."

Again, we must not make this sound too easy. Yes, God loves us, but some twist that great truth into a very dangerous half-truth. The half-truth is the "I'm OK; you're OK" syndrome which says, "God loves us just as we are--(that is true)--and since he loves us as we are, we don't need to change any of our

old ways--(that is the part that is not true); For without <sup>thinking we are all right so we are</sup> a <sup>transforming</sup> change, in our lives, we will still have the old fears and anxieties. God loves us, yes, but His is a cleansing, changing, trnasforming love. John says in this same passage, "If God so loved us, we ought to love one another." That is the beginning of the change, and the beginning of the end of fear's control of our lives. <sup>It will also take away our self protection and propel us into the mission. Perfect love casts out fear.</sup>

As an extreme example of the power of love over fear, let me tell you how one brave Korean pastor overcame his fear of communists after 1945 when Korea was divided against its will into the communist north and the free south.

His name was Pastor Sohn, a graduate of our Presbyterian Seminary in Seoul. He began his ministry as a labor of love to lepers in a sanatorium. <sup>was just</sup> Then <sup>he</sup> went up into the hills <sup>as an evangelist</sup> mountains to an isolated village church. It was <sup>2 years</sup> just before the communist invasion but already guerillas were infiltrating from the north along the mountain ridges, softening up the way for the coming invasion. Suddenly a guerilla communist unit appeared out of nowhere and seized the town, in which Pastor Son had begun to <sup>preach</sup> preach. They occupied the high school and set up headquarters there. The leader of the guerillas was a 19-year-old boy. Pastor Son's two sons were in the school. His oldest son was president of the Student Christian association. The guerillas lined up all the students and their young leader faced them. "I want the leader of the Christians on this campus to step forward", he said. The pastor's son stepped forward. "Now," said the guerilla, "I am going to teach you a lesson you will never forget. I want you to know who is in control. I'm going to shoot this Christian. Christians are the enemies of Korea." At this Pastor Son's second son rushed forward. "Don't shoot him," he cried. "He's the eldest son. Shoot me". And the communist shot them both.

Three days later the local militia returned and the communists fled, but not all of them escaped. The chief of police came to Pastor Son. "We've captured the man who killed your son," he said. "Come down and see what we are going to do

BUT I HAVE BEEN TALKING TO YOU MUCH ABOUT KOREANS  
 ↓  
 WILL ADDRESS YOU

Shut it  
 Back it  
 1/23/50

Then...  
 the leader...  
 a...  
 1/23/50

to him." He found the 19-year-old <sup>at night</sup> ~~guerilla~~ leader in a corner, his wrists bound with wire so tightly that they were bleeding. "You'll be glad to know we're going to shoot this murderer of your two sons," said the chief of police. Pastor Son suddenly said, almost without thinking, "Don't do it. Don't kill him. Release him into my custody, and I'll go guarantee for him."

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But it is a Christian response, and amazingly, it worked. What makes you think that communists can't be converted? The love that boy found in a Christian family changed his whole life, and Pastor Son, quite unwillingly, became a national hero. They wrote a book about him with the dramatic title, The Atom Bomb of Love. Perfect love does cast out fear. It so changes us that we begin to lose our selfishness, and learn how to care for others. "If God so loved us, we also ought to love one another", like Pastor Son.

But perhaps I have been talking too much about Korean Christians on the other side of the world. What about you American Christians? Why are you still afraid? You sent your missionaries overseas to tell others about the perfect love that casts out fear. Don't you believe it yourselves?

You're afraid. <sup>Some of a terrorist attacks</sup> Some of you are afraid of cancer. Some of you are afraid of losing your job, and work is hard to find these days. Some of you are afraid of a marriage breaking up. Some are afraid your children are already on drugs. <sup>And some of them are afraid that you don't love them any more.</sup> Some are afraid of old age. Old age can be a very lonely time.

What is the matter with us? Have we forgotten that God loves us. [And if God loves us we also ought to love one another.

It's time to take God at his word. He says, 'I love you.' Don't be afraid. Trust me. And then he says, "If I love you that's enough. Stop worrying. BUT about your self. There's a whole world out there waiting to know how much I love them, too. And that's our world Christian mission. Perfect love casts out fear, and if God loves us we also ought to love one another - all around this fearful world."

TR. 12. 1957

Do something!

Book 13  
The Korean Pentecost

## 16 : Three Martyrs: Sohn Yangoon and his two Sons

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PERHAPS THE BEST KNOWN AND MOST PUBLICIZED cases of martyrdom under the communists were the deaths of the Rev Sohn Yangoon and his boys, Tongin and Tongsin. Although he did not die under the Japanese, his testimony against Shinto worship was one of the more outstanding ones. I did not include his story in earlier chapters because he did not die until the time of the communists, but it is necessary to tell of his witness against Shinto worship to give the complete picture of his martyrdom and that of his sons.

Born in Koosung Village, Haman County, in South Kyungsang Province on July 7, 1902, he graduated from Middle School in Tokyo in 1923, then entered the South Kyungsang Bible Institute. He was married in 1924 and became an evangelist employed by the Pusan leper colony in 1925. He also pioneered churches in Pangujin, Soosan, Namchang, and Wondong. Going on to the Pyengyang Theological Seminary (Presbyterian) in Pyengyang, he graduated in 1938. It was while a seminary student that he first got into difficulties with the Japanese authorities in the area of South Kyungsang Presbytery over the shrine issue. Upon graduation, he accepted a call to the church in the 'Aeyang Won,' a large leper colony established by the Southern Presbyterian Mission in Yusoo, South Chulla Province. This church had more than a thousand members. It was thought that the authorities would not take much

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## Three Martyrs: Sohn Yangoon and his two Sons

interest in a man ministering to these leper outcasts of society.

Sohn Yangoon was called to the police station, however, when, out of respect to his scruples, the Japanese flag had been removed from behind the pulpit at some special meetings which he was conducting in a church outside the colony. The Japanese had been requiring that Christians bow to the Japanese flag before each worship service. At the police station, Sohn argued that flags flying from a house or a ship were like name-plates for identification and reasoned that bowing to the flag was like bowing to one's name-plate. Also, he said, if bowing to the flag made patriots, then any vicious criminal, polygamist or drunkard could become a patriot by bowing. The police decided to release him at the time, only to arrest him later in 1940. Following the arrest his family was evicted from the manse by the police, but members of his leper congregation secretly took up a collection to help them.

Sohn was held in the Yusoo prison for ten months. For a long time, the only way the family could discover that he was alive was when they took fresh laundry to the jail and continued to receive his soiled clothes in return. Eventually, by paying money, the family was allowed to arrange for him to have certain special foods from the prison kitchen, but this very concession seems to have given rise to a distressing rumour that Sohn had compromised.

Through the kitchen grape-vine, Sohn's wife heard that he was being moved to the penitentiary in Kwangju, the provincial capital, for trial. His guards conveniently turned their backs so that she could get in a few words with him, as he was being held on the station platform, awaiting the train. She reminded him of the words of martyr Choo's wife to her husband, 'If you bow before the shrine, you are

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not my husband,' then added, 'moreover your soul will be lost.' Sohn assured her that he had not compromised, but urged her to pray for him.

Mrs Sohn moved from the leper colony to Kwangju with the younger children. The older boy, Tongin, got a job in Pusan, working at a factory, making wooden barrels, but when they were leaving the leper colony he told the lepers that he would train for the ministry and come back to serve them in his father's place. When he was later drafted for the Japanese army to fight America, Mrs Sohn scattered the family. She put the second boy, Tongsin, in the Zion orphanage in Pusan, and the two youngest, Tonghui and Tongja in the Ai Rin Won (orphanage) in Kupo near Pusan, then took the oldest boy and fled to the island of Namhae, where they remained in hiding until the end of the war. As the persecution intensified, Tongsin, the second boy, left the Zion orphanage to avoid shrine worship. Not knowing where his mother and brother were hiding, he went to live with six lepers who had abandoned the Yusoo leper colony to get away from compromising shrine worship. They had organized themselves into a little community in a remote area of the Hadong Township in Chinju County. He risked contracting the disease to avoid participation in shrine worship, and remained with them to the end of the war.

In the meantime, Sohn was examined by the Prosecutor of the Kwangju court for eight days. At the end of this time, the Prosecutor followed the usual practice of asking him to put his seal to the record of the examination. Sohn had relied on God's Word in making his answers and refused to sign the record, saying, 'They are God's words and not mine, and I have no right to put my seal to God's words as though they were mine.'

He was tried on November 1941, and convicted on the usual counts: Violating the public peace; Lèse Majesté; Irreverence; Giving aid to the enemy; and given a year-and-a-half sentence. While the military clique was determined on wiping out any opposition, the civil authorities acted more cautiously. They did not want to antagonize the people and tried to avoid head-on collisions over the shrine issue. When the year-and-a-half was up, the Public Prosecutor, Yoda, called Sohn before him. He asked the prison guard about Sohn's record on co-operating with the prison authorities. The guard replied that Sohn had been a model prisoner and that he had faithfully participated in shrine ceremonies. It is not known for certain whether or not this lie was previously planted in the guard's mouth by Yoda as a face-saving device whereby the Prosecutor would be enabled to dismiss and be freed of a difficult case. Whatever went before between the guard and the Prosecutor, Sohn denied that he had participated in shrine worship. This turn of events infuriated the Prosecutor and he condemned Sohn to the permanent prison for incorrigibles, that is to say, for those who 'held dangerous thoughts', located in Chungju, Choongchung Province, in August, 1943. He remained there until Japan's surrender on August 15, 1945, brought liberation.

After liberation, Sohn returned to his old charge as the pastor of Ae Yang Won leper church in Yusoo. The unusual testimony he had made before the Japanese caused him to be much in demand as a preacher throughout the country during this post-war period of reconstruction. The scattered family was brought together again and the children were enrolled in various schools, trying to make up for the education they had lost when expelled from grammar school for refusing to bow to the Shinto shrines.

Tongin enrolled in the Soonchun Normal School and Tongsin in the Soonchun Middle School. They were making good progress in their studies and also were bearing an active Christian testimony among their fellow students. Like so many Korean students they even dreamed of going later to America for advanced studies. But tragedy hit again.

On the night of September 19, 1948, communists in the Yusoo Constabulary Training Camp, finding themselves part of a 500 troop constituency ordered to sail for Cheju Island to fight communist guerrillas, jumped the gun on a planned nation-wide communist uprising against the government of the Republic of Korea. They shot their Korean officers and took control of the local constabulary, then of the city of Yusoo, following which they occupied the city of Soonchun. A reign of terror followed in which 'enemies of the people' (as communists saw them) were tried before 'people's courts'. The affair was well organized. Arm and headbands, banners, leaflets, and posters shouting communist slogans seemed to spring up with the morning dew on September 20. The premature uprising in one locality saved the rest of the country, but in that locality terror reigned. The Reds spread the lie that Seoul, Taegu, Pusan, and other key cities had fallen to the communists, and that soon all South Korea would be freed from capitalist tyranny.

Whether it was because they had had enough of being fugitives under the Japanese, or whether the communist propaganda had convinced them of the futility of escape, Tongsin and Tongin decided not to flee but to prepare for death, to flee into the bosom of their Heavenly Father. Early on the morning of the 21st, they arose and had prayer together, then they bathed and put on their best

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clothes. Student friends, knowing the prominent place they had held as Christians in the eyes of their classmates, came to their boarding house urging them to run, but they remained in their room.

At about 10 o'clock, a mob of communist students came and dragged them from their boarding house. They took them to an area behind the government buildings where bodies of other victims of the 'people's court' lay scattered. They reviled and threatened the boys, especially beating Tongin, the elder. Tongsin tried to put himself between them and his brother and the students turned on him.

When rumours of the boys' martyrdom reached the parents, Hong, a leper, volunteered to go into the distressed city and check the reports. He learned from their landlord that the communist students, after dragging the boys away, had ransacked the boys' room and carried away their papers to the Red headquarters. The landlord also heard that the boys had been shot. The leper made a search and finally found their bodies. From a Christian, whose husband had also been shot, he learned that the boys had urged their captors to believe in Jesus and had patiently witnessed until the end came. When Tongin would not deny his faith in Jesus, Ahn Chae Sun, the leader of the communist students, prepared to shoot him with a revolver. Tongsin again tried to put himself between Ahn and his brother, only to be pulled away. Tongin was then blindfolded and shot. Tongsin threw himself on his brother's body and was himself shot.

In two days this local communist revolt was put down and Ahn, the killer of the two boys, was apprehended. Pastor Sohn, hearing that the boy had been seized, sent a pastor friend and his own daughter to plead for the boy's life, offering to adopt the killer of the boys as his own son.

The colonel in charge was so impressed with the request that after contacting Sohn to hear the strange request directly from the father, he turned the boy over to him. Sohn received permission from Ahn's parents to adopt him and witnessed to them and to the boy, later enrolling the boy in the Higher Bible Institute in Pusan. The grateful parents, in turn, asked permission to adopt one of the Sohn girls to live in their home and teach them about Christ, promising to see that she was given a good education.

The violent death of the celebrated minister's two sons, followed by his adopting the killer, was a shock to the whole country. Students were emotionally affected by the story of the two boys and pledged themselves to greater consecration. Pastor Sohn was in even greater demand as a speaker at meetings.

Then the communists poured across the 38th parallel on June 25, 1950. As they over-ran more and more of South Korea the populace fled before them into the little 50-mile perimeter around Pusan bounded by Masan, Taegu, and Kyungju. Rev Sohn was at the leper colony and was warned to flee, but chose to stay with his flock. Many were arrested that summer. Sohn was not arrested until September 13 when he was taken to Yusoo. The jail was so full that he was placed with many others, arrested earlier, in an old grain warehouse until MacArthur's famous Inchon landing. Before retreating on September 28, the communists tied 75 of the prisoners with straw ropes and led them out by night to a place about three miles north of Yusoo and shot them. Their bodies were found the next day.

His previous suffering under the Japanese, the martyrdom of his two sons, followed by his generosity to the killer, and finally his own martyrdom at the hands of the communists, made Sohn's case rather outstanding, but

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many unpublicized saints suffered and witnessed as faithfully. Sohn and his two sons' martyrdoms have been popularized in a two-volume book written in Korean by the Rev Ahn Yongjun, *The Atomic Bomb of Love*. The book has gone into several editions.\*

Besides Pastor Sohn, Mrs Yoon, Bible Woman of the First Presbyterian Church of Yusoo, Mr Kim Unki, President of the Yusoo YMCA, Deacon Huh Sangyong, Deacon Kim Chaisun, all of Yusoo, were among those killed. Rev Cho Sanghak of the Dukyang Church and Chi Hanyung, an older theological student, and two of his sons (one a public school teacher from Ulchon) were among the nine Christians positively identified among the 75 led out for execution at this time.

My informant knew only two of the 75 who escaped death. One was a non-Christian youth, arrested for his political activities in connection with the South Korean government. He had been able, with the help of a prisoner behind him, to wriggle out of the ropes that held him and make his escape in the dark. He was greatly impressed with the conduct of the Christians during those hot summer days of confinement in the crowded warehouse. He especially spoke of Rev Cho Sanghak who had been there since the middle of July. This old pastor had stayed with his flock when the communists invaded, saying, 'What would the communists want to do with a man 73 years old?' The young man said Cho preached, from the day of his arrest, to the hundreds who passed through the warehouse jail that summer. He always asked the blessing over his food in a loud clear voice, remembering in his prayer those imprisoned with him. This was a great comfort to the young

\* Including an English version entitled, *The Seed Must Die*, published by Inter-Varsity Press.

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